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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, DECEMBER 7, 1914.

THOSE "PLUNDER" CASES.

Lieut. Gov. O'Neill is quite right in his demand for an immediate trial on the indictments found against him by the Marion county grand jury, this, that his case may be cleared up for good or for ill, before the coming session of the legislature. It would, indeed, be embarrassing to be called upon to preside over the upper house of that body with the shadow of a half dozen indictments for alleged official corruption hanging over his head. And with the disposition of the case against O'Neill will probably pass the disposition of the others.

The indictments having been found, it is a matter now to be settled in the courts. The public has a larger interest in the affair, however, than the conviction or acquittal of the accused men. The system of appointments by which they got into their trouble must be disposed of. The legislature must take a lesson from it and pursue some course that will assure to that body the necessary organization in the way of clerks, secretaries and door keepers, and stop there.

The system in vogue perhaps wasn't so bad at former sessions when membership in the assembly was more evenly divided between the political parties. Generally the control by either the republican or the democratic party has been small, in which case the "plunder" committee, usually the product of the small majority, could provide most of its seventy-six or a few more partisans with a bit of "paw" and not get more than a thousand miles off the track. When the 1913 assembly convened, it was different. In this there were 136 democrats in the two houses, and with each of them demanding their "plum," or nearly so, it is easy enough to see the difficult position in which the "plunder" committee found itself. It simply didn't have the back-bone to say "no," and virtually every member of both houses being in on the appointments with some of their friends, they couldn't very well refuse to appropriate the funds with which to pay the bills. The only reason that former assemblies have never had 136 employees is because they didn't have 136 members of any one party in the two houses.

The courts will settle the question of the effect of the law of 1895, and upon that largely, will depend the legal guilt of the thirteen men under indictment. We doubt the right of one legislature to tell the next how it shall organize, or the number of door-keepers, clerks, secretaries, etc., that it may have, but that as may be, Indiana does not want any more of the abuse of patronage that is responsible for the raising of the question. There is an economic side to the proposition for statesmen to solve, as well as a legal one for the courts to solve. If the law of 1895 does prove ineffective, then a constitutional provision should be placed on foot, that will be effective.

For it is positively certain that the mass of taxpayers in Indiana will henceforth object most strenuously to paying out their good money to buy "paw" for partisan henchmen, at least, beyond the point of their services being essential to some branch of the public welfare. It is up to the democratic party, at the coming session of the legislature, to follow up the initiative taken by the Marion county grand jury, and we have only to regret that it didn't do so two, four or six years ago—taking the initiative itself instead of following republican example, and getting into this trap.

WHEN CONGRESS CONVENES.

Much agitation in favor of legislative rest is being heard on the eve of the coming session of congress. You hear it from all corners, "What business wants is to be let alone." Business is not at all backward in assuring the public of its need of readjustment to recent congressional action already in effect. It tells us that the tariff law, the Clayton anti-trust bill, the establishment of regional banks, and the emergency tax law, have given enough to contend with at the present time. It occurs to us, however, that business, with regard to this legislation, is more or less inconsistent.

Regardless of the Underwood tariff bill, it appears that business is about the most highly protected that it ever has been in the history of the country. It is protected, not by a tariff, but by a European war that has cut off foreign competition as it has not been cut off for years, and America is for Americans as never before. The fact that government revenue has been reduced by this absence of imports does not interest business in the least, save to the extent of the emergency tax, which is shouldered upon the consumer too easily to be worthy of consideration. Europe has built a high protective wall around the United States, such as protectionists have pleaded for, and built it to a frazzle, and you can wager your bottom dollar that when the campaign of 1916 rolls

round, you will find republicans crediting whatever of prosperity that comes in the meantime, to that wall. The tariff bogey flashing in the face of the coming congress is a miserable subterfuge.

And if, as business contends, the Clayton bill is worthless, what is there about it that calls for readjustments? The regional bank law can in no way interfere, save as Wall street would punish its loss of money monopoly, bound to become a comparatively difficult matter. That is what the regional banks are for and they promise to prove a decided success. We can understand the desire of business to be let alone, but there are a number of odds and ends to the Wilson administrative program, that need to be gathered in, and we are inclined to believe that the president will proceed very much in direct line with that program.

The purpose is not to disturb business and business need not be disturbed. Naught but business cussedness is disturbed. Business with the evolution of the times, is developing into a public service, rather than a private snap—and that carries with it only legitimate returns and cuts out incipient graft. That is the direction in which the Wilson administrative policies are moving.

The president's message is bound to be one of interest, and the actions of congress, due to the reduction in the house majority after March 4, will be watched with equal concern.

THEY'RE SIMPLY GUN SHY.

Speaking of the sentence of \$1,000 fine and ten months imprisonment (suspended) on Henry Siegel, the New Yorker who robbed his employee depositors of millions, the New York World says:

"If this verdict and this sentence represent the legal conscience of the state of New York in respect to bank deposits, we see no reason why any private banker with a drop of sporting blood in his veins should hesitate about using his depositors' money as he sees fit."

Also the World makes confession after this fashion:

"For years The World has resolutely combated the infamous socialist pretense that there is in this country one law for the rich and another law for the poor. For years likewise we have steadfastly opposed the recall of judges as an attempt to substitute mob opinion for due process of law. In the main, we still adhere tenaciously to our original theses, but there are moments when we find ourselves faltering."

The trouble with the World editor (and a good many others) is that he is gun-shy. Point at him anything that looks or sounds like irreverence toward the sacred judiciary, and he tucks his tail under him and dashes for his kennel with a piercing ki-yi, and from his place of safety, snarls at everybody who wants to keep on hunting down public abuses.

That the courts have one law for the rich and another law for the poor is a matter of common knowledge and daily demonstration, and the danger to society lies in such being the fact, not in its being an "infamous socialist pretense."

THE LATEST TINTS, ETC.

While watching how the dear women help out the country by weaving cotton, we've kept an eye on the styles and, with considerable anxiety, promulgate this from the weekly bulletin of the Fashion Guide of America.

"Stucco gowns or clothes with a touch of sandpaper or putty tint are the latest style. Skirts should be short and flaring for slim figures or slightly bell-shaped for stout figures."

The change to such as sandpaper, putty, mortar, plaster, furniture glue, or resin tints seems to indicate progress but we can't at once work up a cheer over the idea of making the bell-shaped still more bell-shaped. However, maybe it's an instance of the aesthetic being sacrificed to the patriotic. Certain it is that the more you put on the bell-shaped the greater the consumption of cotton, and we're after an increase in the home consumption of cotton, to be sure.

BEWARE PERFECTION!

O, this cruel, cruel world! How men have to study, plan and execute in order to protect that which is most precious!

Our thought turns to John Avery, of Los Angeles, who had as wife a lady pronounced by Dr. Karl F. Ross, "a perfect woman."

There were pictures of Mr. Avery's perfect woman, in the newspapers, and Dr. Ross being a physical culture specialist, his expert opinion also added to Mr. Avery's confidence that he had hymenally noosed perfection. And what is to be more jealously guarded than perfection? Mr. Avery realized this and so he hit the perfect woman on cheek and shoulder, not to impair her perfection, but so that whatever man rot her "would know whose little girl she was," as he testified in his suit against Dr. Ross for heart balm.

The idea is novel. So soon as the wife shows signs of being perfect, the husband bites off her cheek, nose, or ear and frames it to show the world how he prizes perfection. With such evidence, he can always get the best, too, of physical culture doctors who may be hanging around for the remainder of the perfect woman. In this case, the husband has what he bit off and a verdict for \$2,500 against the doctor. But it is a cruel world in which a man finds it wise to bite his monogram into every perfect woman he marries, isn't it?

It is funny what a difference a few years make. The girl who used to let you chew her "wax" in school while she took a whirl at your "all day sucker" now has a daughter who carries her individual drinking cup so she won't get any germs in her mouth.

Letters of the People

The News-Times opens this column to its readers for expressions of their views. It accepts no responsibility, however, for the opinions here put forth. Correspondents must show good faith, however, by signing their communications with their correct name. This will not be published if the address is given and is in bad taste, but the same MUST accompany the communication or it cannot be considered.

No doubt everyone who picked up the Tribune issued Nov. 30 read the article entitled, "River of Gold to Flow Into the U. S." I did, and it sounded so good that I read it over again and clipped it out.

But when I presented it to the grocer, the coalman and the shoe merchant in payment for merchandise, they all agreed it was fine but declared they preferred the "long green," the kind with Mr. Lincoln's or Mr. Grant's picture attached.

Up to the present time the great machine called "Industry" does not seem to be working very well. The engine acts as though the new fuel had not been administered yet.

I am not skeptical or anything like that, but possess just enough of that Missouri blood called "show me" to be curious.

Mr. Fish, old scout, open thy paw that our eyes might behold this precious hidden treasure.

(Signed) N. T. SWANSON,
River Park.

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THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

OUR TABLOID CLASSIC—No. 15.

WHY THE CHICKEN CROSSES THE ROAD.

The question has never been answered, but there is a possible solution in the story of Alctryon which is a part of mythology. It seems that Alctryon was a youth who so far won the confidence of Mars that the god, during his meeting with Venus, and at a time when he specially desired not to be interrupted, stationed him at the door to watch against the approach of the sun.

Then, as now, the sun was a Peeping Tom who could be prevented from seeing things if permitted to catch one unawares, and it was against this intrusion that Mars wished to guard. If Alctryon had had a spoonful of sense he would not have committed the blunder which permitted Apollo to catch Mars and Venus in flagrante delicto, but he hadn't. He fell asleep at his post and the scandal followed. Mars was so incensed that he changed Alctryon into a rooster and sentenced him and his descendants to announce the coming of the sun.

SOUTH BEND.

(Dixie Land.)

O! The town of towns where fame abounds that electrifies and true astounds.

Is the town we know, on the old St. Joe?

Her wagons glide in Santa Fe; she buys cotton from Tennessee.

South Bend world famed, so justly named; and it's here in Indiana.

Chicago! Kokomo!

On the western plain, on the eastern coast,

The goods in us uphold our boast.

St. Pierre! Manitowish!

Prairie South Bend, Indiana.

Afar in Spain and east to Maine,

We ship products by the train.

In Glasgow, like Idaho—

They depend on Indiana.

O! Wonder of the stars, old South Bend,

The biggest bold commercial friend;

From coast to coast, we've won the host:

From Seattle to New Rochelle,

They buy the goods we have to sell.

South Bend sets pace for all 'the race—

And it's here in Indiana.

Memorize! New Jersey!

In the southern zone, on the northern trail,

The goods in need we shipped for sale.

Old New York, far off Cork!

Prairie South Bend, Indiana.

The warring might now hot in fight,

Depend on us they know we're right.

Across the sea, eternally—

They depend on Indiana.

ENTHUSIASM finds its highest manifestation in those circumstances which arouse wide popular interest.

The charity fund canvass now in progress, and the \$500 N.T. con-

test, just closed. The controlling factor in each of these is benevolence. The money raised for the charity fund will go toward the relief of the necessities of the poor. The \$500 to be paid by the N.T. will be devoted to an equally worthy object.

THE enthusiasm which prompted an army of men and women to literally comb the community and that which animated the workers for the \$500 prize could have emanated from no other source than that indicated.

A SORTIE is where a besieged force marches out from behind its defenses for the purpose of breaking the siege or diverting attention from an ulterior motive. When a sortie is repulsed the troops march out, turn around and march back again, as far as they are able.

This Seems to Cover One Phase.

Sir: I should think you might write something worth reading on the doorway turnstile, philosophizing as to the temperament of those who precede or follow you through this somewhat involved contraption. When I embark in this abbreviated merry-go-round, I like to make the journey alone, or if there is a rush, I choose if I can some one or more for companions who have the appearance of being sedate, or at least not in a deadly hurry. I make way hastily on these trips for the small boy and the young fellow just off his motorcycle.

THE first batch of Santa Claus letters reached the managing editor's desk on Saturday.

"O, Lord!" We thought it was the opening of a Christmas supplication, but it was not.

A WOMAN who picks up coal along the railroad track may be a great offender against the laws of the land and a menace to society, but we should want to take a peep into her home before deciding.

Poultry and Mush.

(Cor. Burr Oak Acorn.)

(Continued From Saturday.)

But I don't care a pickayune.

Whether duck, turkey or geese,

For I can tell you mighty soon

That I love a good dry piece.

Now this is not all I desire—

I do not mean "any bitters"—

For my mind runs somewhat higher—

I mean good apple fritters.

Just make a nice rich batter

And roll your apples in.

O dear, how I love to see 'em spatter—

Please pass them 'round again!

Another word, then I will hush,

But I was just going to tell.

That I most dearly love fried mush—

Yes, I love it mighty well.

(The End.)

The maiden gave us a cigar,

Its fragrance wafted wide and far.

But rarer than its incense,

Than the odors roses dispense,

Were the thoughts that curled in smoke

And our sentiments bespoke.

C. N. F.

kin rings—it saves Madame a lot of trouble.

Helen was beginning to feel the charm of it all, and even Warren unbent somewhat in the atmosphere of geniality and good fellowship.

As the dinner consisted only of relishes, soup, fish, chicken salad and cheese, the possibility of horse meat was eliminated.

Marion suggested that they take their coffee and liquor out to one of the vacant tables on the terrace.

Everyone was having a cordial, for a dinner in Paris, however inexpensive, is not complete without a cognac, anisette, menthe or grenadine.

The group of American students at the long table grew more merry. Every now and then they broke into a chorus of some popular song beating time on the table with their glasses.

Almost everyone had finished his dinner, but they all still lingered on. Some were playing checkers, others had pushed aside their coffee cups and were writing letters. The checkers and the well-worn portfolios with the notepaper and pink blotters were supplied by Madame.

These Latin quarter restaurants are not merely places to eat, for they contribute much to the social life of the student.

A little old woman, bent and shriveled, paused in the street before the terrace and began to sing in a piping voice. Between the verses she executed a tottering pas seul.

Old Marie.

"That's old Marie. She used to be a famous dancer at the opera."

"But surely some society would take care of her," asked Helen.

Marion shrugged her shoulders. "There are so many worn out artists in Paris. And perhaps Old Marie would rather have this vagrant life and her glass of absinthe," as Warren and some of the students threw her a few sous, "than to be shut up in an old ladies' home."

A number of students who had evidently dined somewhere else now came in to have a cordial and a chat at Madame Joven's. Everyone seemed to know everyone else.

It was after 10 before they left. Marion insisted on their coming to her studio. They walked with her to the gate of the old garden but to Helen's disappointment, Warren refused rather curtly to go up.

"Dear, I'm afraid Marion was hurt," as they turned back into the Boulevard St. Michael. "You were almost rude."

"Well, she's no business to insist. She said I didn't want to go. I've had enough Bohemianism for one night. Where's that underground station we saw on the way down?"

"Oh, Warren, we're not going back in the underground?"

"After dinner in the Latin quarter—to take the underground? We might as well be in the subway at home. It would spoil the atmosphere of the whole evening."

"Atmosphere be hanged! Should think those fellows'd be glad to go back to less atmosphere and more civilization. This Latin quarter life's only camping out."

"But fear, their work—their careers!"

"Careers! If a few of those yaps would cut their hair, shake their greasy velvet jackets and go back home, they might make a decent living, which is a whole lot more than they'll ever do here."

CHEAP.

The Panama canal has cost \$350,000,000 up to date. That, however, is a mere nothing to what the European powers have paid already for the ditch called Yser.

Your Child's Cough is a Call for Help.

Answer it with Dr. King's New Discovery. It is Pleasant, Soothing, Healing.

Don't put off treating your child's cough. It not only saps their strength, but often leads to more serious ailments. Why risk? You don't have to. Dr. King's New Discovery is just the remedy your child needs. It is made from Pine Tar mixed with soothing, healing and antiseptic balsams. Will quickly check the cold and soothe your child's cough away. No odds how bad the cough or how long standing, Dr. King's New Discovery will stop it. Just get a 50c bottle from your Druggist. Give it to-night and you will in stamps.

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WHEN HELLER SAYS IT'S OAK, IT'S OAK